

The Frances Shimer Record

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Mr. A. J. Sawyer

The School suffered the loss of a very dear friend on March 2 when Mr. Sawyer passed away at his home in Lincoln, Nebraska. He had been a friend of the School since 1875 when he married Miss Winona Branch of the class of 1871. Mrs. Shimer was greatly attached to him and trusted him implicitly. His official connection with the School began in 1908 when when he was made a member of the Board of Trustees. From that time he gave generous counsel and aid. As attorney of Mrs. Shimer's estate, he gave much time and attention to its interests.

He was a most amiable, generous, capable, and companionable man, who won and held friends far and near among all classes of people. Frances Shimer friends of Mrs. Sawyer extend most sincere sympathy to her in her loss. The Lincoln Star in an editorial spoke of Mr. Sawyer as follows:

A. J. Sawyer, one of Lincoln's most prominent pioneer lawyers, contributed very largely to this city's progress.

Former mayor, former state senator, former United States attorney and active in every enterprise, he was recognized as one of Lincoln's most substantial citizens. A man of strong principles and clear vision, Mr. Sawyer never hesitated to express him self, although he might be in the minority. Mr. Sawyer did not court leadership. It came to him naturally as a result of the faith and confidence which he commanded.

Lincoln was Mr. Sawyer's pride. He came to this city when it was but a struggling town of 7,000 people but even then it was a place of great potential beauty and appeal. In later years Mr. Sawyer said it was a case of love at first sight. He had not planned to locate in Lincoln. But in the week which he spent here, between trips to Fort Kearney, he was so deeply impressed that he decided to make Lincoln his home.

Mr. Sawyer was always deeply interested in education. Perhaps the memory of his own struggle to obtain the advantages of school and college made him more solicitous of the welfare of young men, who faced similar handicaps. The fact remains that Mr. Sawyer aided many young people to secure an education. He did it quietly and un-oesententatiously. But through sympathy and financial assistance, he was the means of keeping more than one discouraged young man in college.

A man of rare personal charm, few citizens of Lincoln enjoyed a wider circle of friends. His passing, while not unexpected, occasioned deep sorrow in a great many Lincoln homes.



LITERARY

George Washington and the Cherry Tree

(As Walt Whitman Might Have Written It.)

I walk among the cool, green trees,
(For 'tis summer),
With happiness in my heart,
And joy in my soul.

I see a tree of cherries—ripe, red cherries—
They shine like rubies in the dark green.
I take my hatchet—I am filled with an unconquerable desire—
And chop down the tree, thoughtless of evil.

The cherries lie upon the ground;
There come my father's step and angry voice.
I fear and shake, yet cannot tell a lie.

There is surprise and joy and gladness once again.
I learn that truth is blessed and rewarded.

(The same tale as H. W. Longfellow might have written it):
Forth there came the young George Washington,
With his hatchet, young George Washington,
With his tri-corn and his hatchet;
Made as if to strike the bushes,
Made as if to cut the flowers,
Looked at them and swung his hatchet,
Swung his bright, new, shining hatchet.
Then he saw a tree of cherries.
Small the tree, but full of cherries,
Small the tree, just right for chopping.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Just the size for bright, new hatchets,
Hatchets sharp and smooth and shining.
Forthwith he set himself to chopping,
Chopping as the chips were flying;
Made the berries red to tremble,
At last upon the ground he laid it,
Full of pride he was and joyful,
Full of pleasure in his prowess.

Then a heavy step approached him,
Swift and sure across the door-yard,
Swift and sure his father came near.
George in fear stood white and trembling,
Trembling as the bright red cherries,
As the leaves he made to tremble.
"George, my son, where are my cherries?
Where is my tree with all its cherries?
Tell me, ere you suffer for it,
Tell me all, oh, son of mine!"
Hesitated George and faltered,
Now his sin and wrong perceived he,
Now he tried to speak and could not;
"Father, I shall tell the truth,
For to tell a lie is wicked;
I cut down thy tree of cherries,
With my hatchet chopped it down."

Then upon the father's visage
Broke a light both soft and shining:
"Wrong it was to harm my cherries,
Wrong to spoil my only cherries;
Yet 'tis better far to lose them
Than thy truthfulness to lose.
Know then, son of mine and heir,
Thou hast shown a wondrous spirit.
Wondrous brave and wondrous truthful.
May it through thy life's long journey
Teach thee much and take thee further
Than all the treasurers of earth's storehouse.
And through thy life this thing remember:
Freedom is the gift of heaven,
Truth is God's own gift to man.
With these two before thee ever,
Live in peace and joy and comfort;
And when at last thy days are ended,

When thy life shalt be no longer,
Men shall honor thee and love thee
Thou shalt live down through the ages
In the hearts of all mankind."

Elinore Smith, College '25.

The Return of Reggie

Reggie was gone. The last sight anyone had had of him was as he walked nonchalantly down the street and turned the corner. Of course, as Moms saw him do this, she had no idea that he had it in his little round head to run away and see the world. Had Jimmy been there, perhaps he would have noticed the defiant twist that Reggie had given his tail, and that unusually jaunty, adventurous walk; for Jimmy understood the ways of dogs.

And, understanding, Jimmy would have detained Reggie on his journey only long enough to give him permission to go. But Jimmy had not been there, and so Reggie set forth without leave, or even so much as goodbye to his home and friends. The ungrateful little wretch! Perhaps Reggie meant to return some day.

Jimmy admitted that dog had always had the "wander lust" in his eye, and, of late he had been unusually restless, often sitting for an hour with his eyes fairly glued to the road that led up to the corner, and turned. But they had been such pals, it seemed incredible that he really had gone off; had left the home he had been brought to three years before.

It had ben a cold, rainy night in March. Jimmy, returning from his paper route, had stumbled against something huddled on the sidewalk in the dark. Later Jimmy had burst into the kitchen, dripping and cold, yet glowing with pride of possession. From the shelter of his coat he drew a very lean, hungry-looking, dirty, wet, "smelly" pup dog. Moms had never seen a homelier dog, but despite his unattractiveness, Reggie was given a home, and soon he had captured the hearts of all the family. Reggie had a wonderful disposition. His big, soft brown eyes were full of mischief, friendship and sympathy.

His rather too long tail wagged until it radiated the sunshine of his soul. But Reggie did have the "wander lust" and now he was gone.

Jimmy missed Reggie more than he would admit, more than even Moms guessed. His usual cheery smile was replaced by small lips set in a firm serious line. But he put up a brave front and tried to persuade himself that he did not care and that Reggie would most likely stroll in again someday. Time helped him to forget how much he really did care, but he never gave up hope of Reggie's return.

The hot summer days shortened into cool autumn ones. School opened, and Jimmy became engrossed in his work, and incidentally, in

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

"sheikking" Rose, the judge's grand-daughter from the city who was quite the belle of the school. His rival, Richard Black, had the advantage of Jimmy in one very distinct way—Richard, could "speak a piece" beautifully, and Jimmy, well, Jimmy was not quite so sure of himself. Jimmy had "cleaned up" on Richard in a fight, but Richard had more money for chocolate drops; so the issue finally came to the outcome of the Friday afternoon entertainment.

Jimmy and Richard were both on the program. Richard was first. His small voice rose and fell as he recited verse after verse, perfectly memorized:

"How beautiful is the rain

After the dust and heat-----"

Jimmy wriggled in his chair and looked for all the world as if he were to be executed. As Richard finished and made his very stiff little bow, Jimmy saw him smile confidently at Rose. His heart fell. His name was called, and, as in a dream, he mounted the steps. There were Moms and Grand Moms in their best black silks, and there was Rose. He drew a long breath and began:

"It was the schooner Hesperus,

That sailed the-----

That sailed the wintry sea-----"

He stopped, and looked hopelessly around for the clue. There was a slight stir in the back of the room. Richard snickered, Rose watched Jimmy breathlessly. He continued:

"And the skipper had taken-----"

A gruff voice from the rear pierced the air: "Get out of here. Catch him!" But a dirty, excited little four-legged creature had slipped through the crowd. Jimmy began again:

"And the skipper had taken his little-----"

"Reggie!"

In a flash Jimmy had gathered the delighted pup-dog in his arms, and was gone.

That evening, as he sat on the back steps with Reggie, he heard a soft voice behind him, "Jimmy, I don't care if you did spoil your piece today, I like you better than Richard Black, I do. And I like your dog, too!" Reggie's rather too long tail gave an appreciative wag when he saw that his audience was to be enlarged. And so, in the dusk, Reggie told of his travels to the two before him, and, as Jimmy said, the "wander lust" was gone from his eye.

Florence Wales, College '25.

"Good English"

Preface

The meter is awful—

In fact there is none;

Please spare the poetess

Her duty is done.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

I

In ye good old days when knights were bold,
And Spanish pirates cruised for gold,
There was a land in a far-off sea,
An enchanted isle, and a magic tree
Upon which grew such gorgeous fruit,
That e'en the pirates thought it loot.

II

The "Tree of Knowledge" was known far and wide,
Thousands of scholars for its fruit had sighed,
The marvelous apples were known to be cure
For very bad grammar; 'twas therefore a lure
To a band of young men who desired to learn
English, and thus were trying to earn
Great, lasting fame. Now one was oppressed
By the "Aint's" which robbed him of even his rest.
Another said "He don't" and never could cease,
And as they sailed on, their disease did increase.

III

One morn, the bright isle came into view,
And upon the beach their light boat they drew,
Leaped gladly out and sprang to the tree,
Devoured its golden fruit so voraciously.

IV

And lo! when they talked they were cured one and all,
The "Tree of Knowledge" stood straight and tall,
Smiled at these travelers in benignant style,
They, madly exulting in the meanwhile.

V

They sprang to their craft and pushed out to sea,
Sailed swiftly home in the greatest of glee;
Taught others what they had learned while away,
Now their great-great grandchildren teach it today!

Evelyn Caille, College '24.

The Masterpiece

The old man sighed, wiped a paint-stained hand,
On the end of a dirty rag;
He had put in his strength, his soul, and now
His spirit began to lag.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

His hair was grey, and his back was bent,
His hand was trembling too;
He never gave up, but painted on,
His masterpiece to do.

Katherine W. Sherman, Academy '26.

Most clouds have a glorious lining
Of silver and blue and gold,
And if you'll just stop pining,
You'll see how much life will hold.

After most showers, there's a rainbow
By lovely Iris spun
And the happiness you sow
Will make a brilliant one.

The more clouds there are gathered
Round about the sun,
The more gorgeous the sunset
When the day is done.

Ruth Barker, Academy '24.

Gypsy Blood

I'm not afraid of a gypsy
For the Gypsy's blood's in me,
It finds in me a kinship,
And it calls to me with glee.

Some folks think Gypsies mysterious,
They think them odd and strange,
They think they're thieves and deceivers,
They can't understand why they change.

But I know a Gypsy's feeling,
I know why he loves to roam,
He loves the freshness and freedom,
The life without a home.

I wish that I were a Gypsy,
The outdoors is calling me;
I'd like to love like a Gypsy—
The only love that is free.

I'd bathe in sunshine every day,
I'd drink it in for food,
I'd laugh and play and dance away
My every thought and mood.

But I am not a Gypsy,
I needs must live with men.
I guess I'll always long and wish
To be a gypsy—to the end.

Leah-Jane Johnson, College '25.

A Teacher's Philosophy

"I hope to live in such a way
That those with whom I work each day
Will know
That I am ready for my share
Of work and duties anywhere
To help;
That I but want to fill my place,
Respecting theirs in every case
That comes;
To be professionally true,
As I would like for them to do
In kind;
Nor jealousy nor envy feel,
Nor joy from their success to steal
By any word;
And if I have to criticize,
I'll kindly look them in the eyes,
And speak:
I hope that I'll co-operate,
My own pet schemes subordinate,
Be broad:
That in the school community
A cheerful factor I shall be,
And kind:
That I constructively shall work,
No civic duty ever shirk
Or fail:
That supervisors work shall see
Achievements far beyond the fee.
They pay:
That I shall constantly improve,
Nor let myself slide in the groove
Routine:
That I shall choose the very best,
Most vital methods use and test
For scholarship:
That studious habits, thrift, I'll teach,
And daily practice what I preach,
Myself:

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

With mental standards, ideals high,
To discipline each day I'll try,

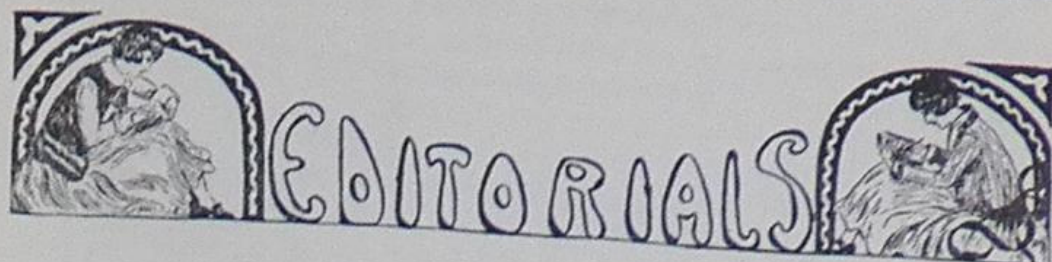
Nor scold:

That character I'll surely build,
When morals high have been instilled

Each day:

That citizens worth while and strong,
To set right in the world what's wrong,
I'll make."

Izelle Emery Scott '03.



Astronomy

It is said that stars twinkle, and give out an intermittent light, while planets shine with a clear, strong, steady luster.

Girls are much the same as stars and planets. We find here at school the girl whom we all like: she may be "darling" as the word goes, but she "twinkles". In other words she cannot be depended upon. We ask her to serve on this committee. She cheerfully gives assent, and immediately forgets all about it. She fails us when we need her most.

It is then that, sadder and wiser, we turn our thoughts to the "planet". She is a girl who perhaps is not brilliant like our "star", but she shines steadily. We can depend upon her. She puts her shoulder to the wheel, and does her part and that of the "star".

Which counts more in the long run—the girl who twinkles or the girl who shines steadily? Shall we have "stars" or "planets" in F. S. S.?

Spring

Now that winter's battalions are reluctantly retreating from the calendar, and the howling winds have become as gentle lambs, we all have a mad desire to throw off the shackles of our long imprisonment and to caper joyously over the campus, shouting that spring has come. We long to drag out the faded and well-worn last summer's gingham and, so bedecked, stroll around the "quad" without further protection, at the risk of inviting pneumonia and perhaps death—nay, death holds no terrors for us now.

There is a tang in the air which we breathe that we cannot mistake. It is that pre-flavor of spring. We catch sight of the first shy blades of grass, and hail with greatest glee (as we have done every year since we can remember) the first tiny flower which has the temerity to lift its head above the bosom of Mother Earth.

On the shelves our books lie neglected, dusty, reminiscent of our former activities. How can we think of them? We are out playing jacks and batting the cover off the old baseball! Spring has indeed come!

Time

Time is a wily old fellow who goes stalking along with grim face, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Earthly matters are none of his concern. He hesitates not. It may be some pleasurable

function which we would wish to last forever, that we might beg Time to drag his footsteps; or an interminable task where we might beseech him to hurry. But he is inexorable and deaf to all our pleas; he plods on without a backward glance.

Since we cannot move Time one iota from his predestined pathway, would it not be well for us to use some introspection?

How do we spend our hours? Do we get the utmost value from them? Do we play when we play, and work when we work, or are we planning the next playtime during our work hours? We must remember that we are not cheating Time, but ourselves.

Let us then not vainly strive to hurry or hinder the stride of Time, but rather to get into step with him.

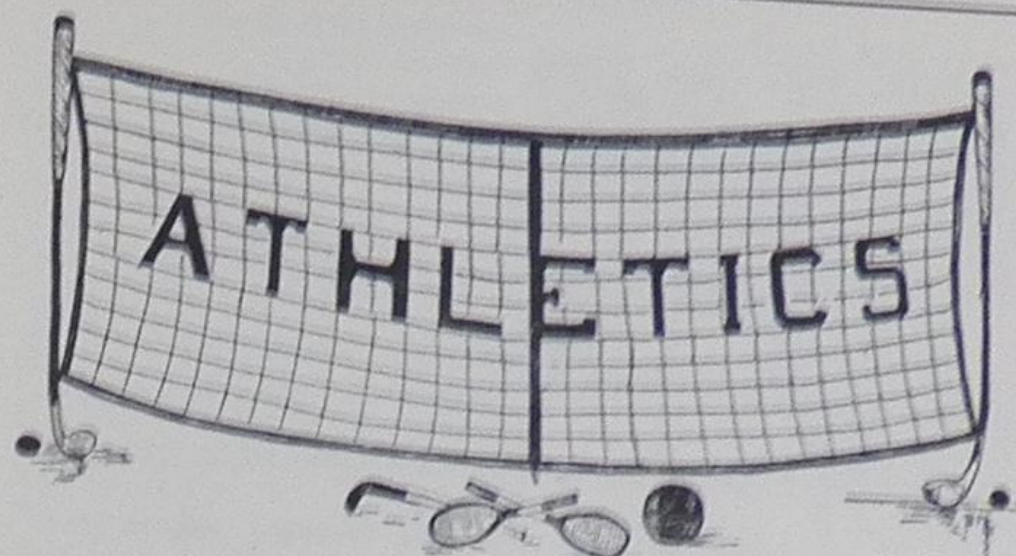
Snappy Stories

"Written in Tears", "What the Open Door Showed", "His Yesterdays"; I read these titles as I idly thumbed the pages of a magazine selected at random from the pile of garishly bound manuscripts that were strewn over the table. These striking titles were illustrated by pictures startling to even my twentieth-century eyes. We are prone to prattle of "Art for art's sake", but this would not excuse these pictures, because they were anything but art.

I recalled a conversation about such literature that had taken place at one of the tables. One of the girls had expressed the view that it was "crazy stuff that could never happen". With such a view would it harm her to read such things? Possibly not, but how long would the view last?

Impressions are funny things. We store them away, and the dust of later experiences cover them. They are forgotten. Ah, but they are still there. Every day in the week we hear someone say, "Why I hadn't thought of that for years. Isn't it odd that I should remember now?" Something had touched the sleeping impression and it had sprung to life, as fresh and vigorous as when it was pushed aside. And what kind of minds shall we have if they are filled with the sordid ideas, accumulated now when our minds are supposed to be most impressionable? I wonder if we shall be proud to recall the sort of literature that formed the basis of our school-day reading.

Our actions and ideas seem to influence others whether we are aware of the fact or not. We know how a little sister or brother will imitate his older playmates. Just how would you feel if you saw your thirteen-year-old sister reading such stories? If you could see that without the slightest inclination to seize the gaudy thing and cry, "You must not read that," go ahead and read them. You are past redemption. But if you feel that sometime when you see your own daughter surreptitiously reading her first "True", or "Breezy" or "Snappy Stories" magazine, you will be moved to supply something good and interesting to take its place, you can surely see the errors of your own ways. To you, I would say, stop now, and select with care your reading material.



In the two basket-ball games between the two college halls and two academy halls, College Hall won from McKee Hall, and Hathaway Hall won from West Hall. The purpose of these two games was to find out who were best fitted for the "big" game between College and Academy.

They say the robins are here. I suppose you wonder why I should refer to birds, when I am supposed to be writing about the athletics at F. S. S.; but just a short time after the arrival of our little friends, we are able to play tennis, and golf. Then everyone will try to see who can get a net, and get out just as soon after six-thirty as possible, to get the best court.

Basket Ball Games

On March 19 at 3:45 the Frances Shimer girls witnessed one of the most thrilling athletic contests of the year. The first and second basket ball teams of College played against the first and second teams of Academy. College carried off the honors of the day, winning both games. The first team game ended 24 to 15 in favor of College. The second team game ended 27 to 7.

Both games were very exciting and caused many thrills to the onlookers. Academy was ahead in both games at the end of the first half, but College came back strong in the second half and outplayed their opponents. The games were characterized by brilliant team work and swift playing which made them very interesting to watch. Both teams showed a wonderful spirit, Academy was a good loser and College a good winner. Good sportsmanship was very evident on both sides.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

College First Team

Captain and Center—D. J. Parker.

Forwards—Charleton, Rastede, Caille.

Guards—Keighan, N. Brown.

Substitutes—Carpenter, H. Smith, Nisbett.

College Second Team

Captain—Ieuter.

Center—Carveth.

Forwards—Muriel Martin, Ieuter, Terry

Guards—L. J. Johnson, Haskell.

Substitutes—Klein, Gore, Louise Dennis.

Academy First Team

Captain—Zick.

Center—L. White.

Forwards—Touzalin, Zick, Adlerly.

Guards—M. Ball, Garvey.

Substitute—Berck.

Academy Second Team.

Captain—Irwin.

Center—M. Martin.

Forward — Steinaker, Dolar, Irwin.

Guards—Tyrrell, Hamlin.

Manager—Edna Eastabrooks.

The Bird Club

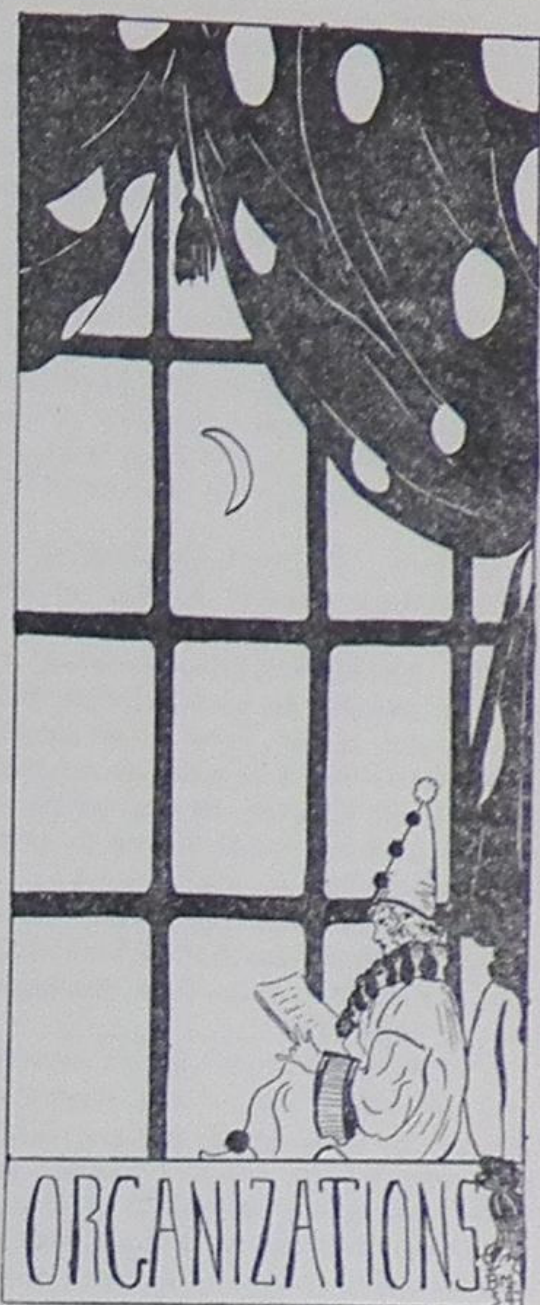
The Bird Club held its first meeting on Friday, February 29, 1924. Seven girls were present and elected Mildred Martin as the one officer of the Club. They chose Miss Peters as Club Counselor, and with her help expect to have an interesting time studying the birds that are arriving every day and making their homes in the trees of Frances Shimer campus. Although the membership is small in numbers, the enthusiasm is not limited and every F. S. S. girl would profit by joining this very unique and interesting Club.

"Dramatic Club" Plays

Everybody looked forward to the Dramatic Club plays on February 16. Plays are always welcomed at Frances Shimer and especially those given by the Club. For several weeks the various members of the cast had been yelling "You"—"I" to each other, and laughing heartily, so it was with curiosity at high tide that the Frances Shimer girls came to the Chapel.

The first play was "Fancy Free". It was a very clever play, and was cleverly done. The production as a whole was artistic and enjoyable.

The second play, "The Pot Boilers", was a decided comedy and kept the audience in a constant state of laughter. The lines were witty and the acting was exceptionally good.



THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Both plays were very successful, and reflected well the fine training by the coach, Phyllis Marschall.

New Members

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club held a second "try-out" recently and the following girls passed: Maxine Ieuter, Grace Thompson, Betty Attwood, Alice Keighan, and Virginia Varty. They were formally pledged on March 11.

Athletic Association

The regular meeting of the Athletic Association was held Thursday night, March fifth, in the gym. The Constitution was read by the vice-president and the Amendments were accepted. Dorothy Jane Parker was elected secretary of the association, Annette Huntley manager of base ball. After a short talk by Miss Swetil, the meeting was adjourned.

B-r-r! The wind was blowing a gale and the thermometer seemed uncertain whether to stay at zero or sink down to ten below. Having compromised at five below, it settled there to remain the rest of the evening. Nothing daunted, however, at six-thirty Saturday evening, January 19, to be explicit, three bob sleds with their respective drivers and teams were seen driving up in front of McKee Hall. Immediately half the members of the student body of Frances Shimer burst forth, looking like a party of husky young Eskimos. They made a dash for the sleds and in no time at all were off in a cloud of snowflakes.

The inhabitants of Mount Carroll wondered about the strange uproar in the streets that evening, but upon investigating it was proved that the F. S. S. girls were singing "Jingle Bells" as they slid over the icy roads.

At seven-thirty the teams returned, the Eskimos rushed in doors, and the other half of the students appeared. Again they jingled through the town, up the hill and back to Frances Shimer. But the best part was yet to come. Tomato soup and crispy crax in the gym! What more could be desired by hungry, cold girls? Each one of the whole hundred and sixty-three, seated in a hollow square in the gym was laboring under the delusion that she was in her own particular heaven, with all the soup in the world to eat—all that one could consume! As the nine-thirty bell rang and everyone strolled home, it was agreed that thanks were due the Athletic Association.

Y. M. C. A.

The Association was fortunate in having a personal visit with Miss Gwinn, who on the afternoon of January twenty-first, met the chairmen and counselors of the various committees. Miss Gwinn discussed Y. W. work as related to Frances Shimer, and made many helpful suggestions for the improvement of the local organization. The members of the cabinet entertained Miss Gwinn and the counselors at tea in College Hall.

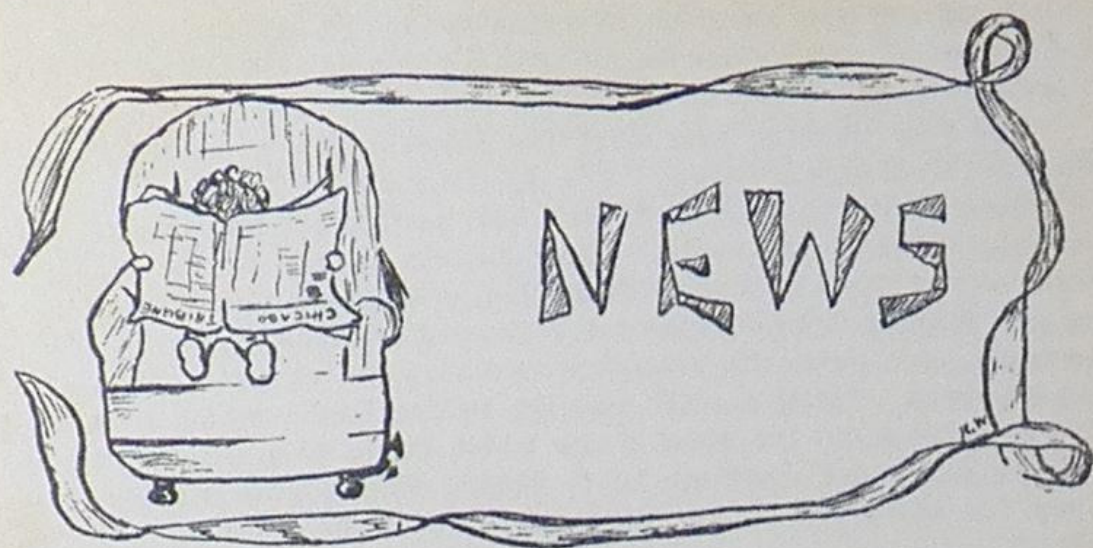
THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

In the evening Margaret Hermann conducted an open meeting in the lounge, at which Miss Gwinn gave a splendid talk. The meeting was followed by an informal reception.

The first meeting held after the holidays was a popular "Sing-Sing" led by Madge Hinshaw. The regular meetings for the discussion of problems vital to all F. S. S. girls have proved of great interest and undoubted benefit to many. Their success is due to the splendid leadership of those in charge. Bess Turner conducted a rousing meeting on "Student Honor", Florence Wales led a discussion on "Expense Accounts," not only with reference to money but also to other essential interests; "Half a Life" was the subject under which Beth McCallum pointed out the great waste which might be utilized in living a fuller and more complete life; Muriel Preble gave further help along the same line in her development of "The Laws of Achievement."

The budget for the Y. W. C. A. of Frances Shimer for the year 1923-24 is as follows:

National Work -----	\$165.00
World Student Christian Federation -----	250.00
(Student Relief in Near East)	
Japanese Industrial Girls -----	125.00
Social Committee -----	50.00
Social Service Committee -----	50.00
Membership Committee -----	50.00
Geneva Fund -----	50.00
Cabinet Fund -----	50.00
Religious Education Committee -----	50.00
Total -----	<u>\$840.00</u>



The Christmas Party

It has been a long time since the annual Christmas party was given by the Y. W. C. A. in the Lounge, Monday, December tenth, but the memory of it still lingers. A cheery fire burned in the fireplace, and a tinsel-covered tree gave the room a festive air.

After the guests had arrived, and the girls were comfortably seated on the pillows on the floor, the "mummers" in costume entered carolling a Christmas hymn. Josephine Hamlin lighted the candles, which stand for health, wealth, peace, and love, and "wishes unknown." The yule log was placed by the fire; the burning of it foretold fortunes of the household. Ellouise Ballstadt threw the Christmas herbs on the fire, and, as they flickered, blazed, and died away, she told us for what they stood. Maxine Corbin hung a holly wreath in the wind, and placed a lighted candle behind it to light the Christ Child on his way to us. Florence Smith read "Christmas Day in the Morning," a reading that touched the heart.

The wassail bowl was brought in while they chanted the lovely old "Wassail" song, and delicious cakes were served. In the midst of all the jollity, someone said "s—s—sh" and the tinkle of bells was heard. Santa, of course! What Christmas party is complete without the dear old fellow? One of our youngest guests, Bobby Pratt, asked Santa for a little red wagon. Naturally, the good-natured old man could not refuse, and Bobby received his wagon with the best wishes of F. S. S. girls.

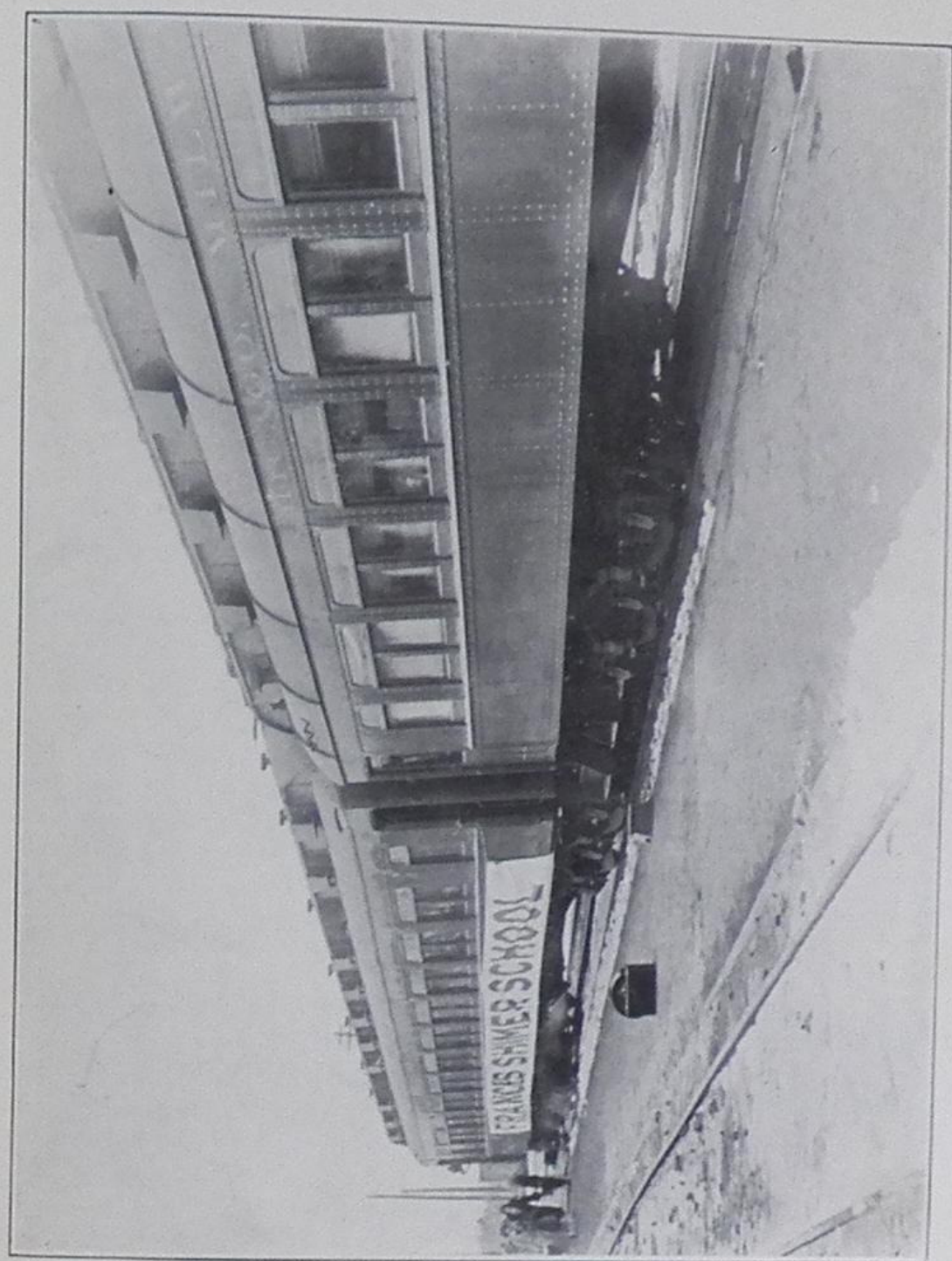
The last part of the afternoon was devoted to a pantomime of the Nativity. As Phyllis Marschall read the story of the Christ Child's birth, girls gave the scenes in excellent pantomime.

Everyone entered into the spirit of the occasion, and went away loving Christmas, and all it stands for just a little better than ever before.

Amusement Circus

"Hey, Skinny, come on to the cirkus"

Yes indeed there was a circus here at Frances Shimer. Not a



Frances Shimer Chicago Vacation Special

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

"sure 'nuff" one, of course, but just as good. Hubbub and excitement filled the halls before the great event, for no one "over twelve" was to be admitted! And such an array of "youngsters" trooped over to the circus grounds (otherwise designated as the gym)! A merry crowd huddled around the ring. The lure of the Big Top was in the very air. Nothing was lacking—peanut vendors, Eskimo pies, squeaking balloons, lollypops. And then the Big Show.

The ring master was unsurpassed. Linda Stewart in high silk hat, with cracking whip, led the ceremonies. And oh, the acts! Will you ever forget that Bowman Duet? Such a pair of songsters. They rivalled the Dolly Sisters. Can you not just see that Champion Base Ball Player, Bogart, as she dashed about the ring, winning a whole game, single handed, or Zick and Baron as the tumbling acrobats? And the inevitable Siamese twins, whose laughing countenances greatly resembled Toozy and Mary Fran.

The clever ventriloquist with his big blue-eyed doll were those inseparables, Bobby Kier and Helen Fields. Of course the circus had its funny clowns, Al Dean, O'Boyle, and Helen Nisbet. Pauline Beery was a star in her rendering of the "clog." And how the crowd laughed at the tight rope-walker. Of course, it was Chapman, who accomplished hair-raising feats on a rather substantial wire. But the identity of that speaking horse, Halitosis, is yet a mystery.

The circus had its side features as well. The tall woman bore a marked resemblance to Vivian Riddell, and the fortune teller looked like Leona Drescher, despite her gypsy air. After the grand finale, the circus grounds were metamorphosed into the gym, and with Lil at the piano, the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. The bell put an end to the fun all too soon, and the happy "youngsters" went home to dream of painted clowns and tarleten skirts.

Lecture

Sunday afternoon, January 13, F. S. S. girls met in Metcalf to hear Dean Shailer Mathews. They were loathe to give up their cherished Sunday quiet hour, but Dean Mathews brought many worth-while thoughts to repay them. He spoke on the much-discussed "rising generation," giving a rather new survey of the subject, but showing his sentiments to be more or less like those of the great part of the generation that has already risen. He said that the world is growing better, despite the many opinions to the contrary, and also that the world is changing and the young people wish more freedom, but do not always know how to use it. Their energy must be rightly directed, and they will be loyal to the old ideals and the new.

Movies

There have been two very good, albeit very different movies, since Christmas time. The first, given January 26, was the "Count of Monte

Cristo." It was exceedingly long, but so interesting that the length was welcomed; gruesome in parts, with extreme pathos and tragedy, and clever intrigue, mixed subtly with a fine humor and romance. Everybody enjoyed it as one of the best pictures put on this year at F. S. S. The other picture, "Penrod and Sam," shown February 9, was of an entirely different type; shorter, humorous, light, but nevertheless interesting. It made its appeal to all, judging from the tears and laughter that followed one another in quick succession.

Exam Week

Those awful exams! As January 30 drew near, the atmosphere around F. S. S. became heavy laden with thoughts, mingled with moans and groans. The halls that had been filled with laughter and gaiety were now quiet and solemn; only the low, monotonous drone of "cramming" could be heard. Occasionally a girl with a troubled face would issue forth, her hair behind her ears and black-rimmed glasses on her nose. She was on the quest, perhaps, of water or a history notebook, or last year's exam questions. The latter, especially brought a lean and hungry look to the gloomy countenance and, in her grasp, they were perused frantically. Then came agony, complete disillusionment. She never could learn the answers to those questions! The girls exchanged sympathy, and the tortured damsel returned to her labors. Only three more days, two, one, and then——.

The day dawned bright and clear, as all first exam days should. Through the morning that seemed endless and yet hopelessly short, there was much woe. At one-thirty sharp, the students came, poorly armed as they were with only pen and ink. Their courage was sorely tried, as they spied their opponents in full array, well prepared with pile on pile of formidable yellow exam books, and a large number of deadly questions. The girls were placed at a further disadvantage from the first—their ranks being ruthlessly broken and scattered thither and yon, forced to sit calmly and wait for the onslaught. Courage waned. The Faculty advanced and "the fight was on."

Need more be told of this sad tale? For two nights and three days the agony, yea, worse than agony, continued. Time was called thrice at high noon; so that all might walk forth in the rain and gloom that Nature had sent for harmony's sake. The battle waged and was well fought. The tide of victory came and went with a vengeance. Hope flamed high on the defensive side, only to be quenched by the offensive with a poisonous weapon "Did you know the answer to the fourth and fifth?" The end came at last.

"After that the deluge." The long waiting for results, the anxious frightened wondering. "Who had won the battle?" Nobody knows, but it is rumored that the Faculty, not being satisfied to let well enough alone, are preparing for another war on the girls; and, if their plans materialize, they will advance on their campaign in June.

While the girls did well this time, it is to be hoped that they will take this hint to be prepared for that coming event; and thereby prevent many casualties, and perhaps—win a decisive victory over the Faculty (for once.)

College Faculty Party

After a week of nerve-racking and soul-rending exams, one should be consoled if forced to attend a party—(mind you—a “children’s party with games” for college girls!) produced and backed by the instigators of said exams. But ‘twas ever thus, and so with forced smiles on weary lips, and inward perturbation compactly filling all the college girls, they wended their way toward College Hall parlor, the scene of the revelries.

Upon arriving they were presented with a slip ornamented with a cabalistic design, which, upon closer scrutiny, resolved itself into a number. According to their numbers they gathered in groups of about seven each, and then started out on their merry round of pleasure with much the same spirit of trepidation with which one trusts oneself to a hitherto untried roller-coaster. And—they had the time of their lives!

From the passionate poetry invented on the spur of the moment at one end of the parlor, by Bess Turner, to the farthest corner of the ball-room, where little Virginia Varty was holding an enthralled group in silent rapture by her efforts to stand on one foot and pick up a magazine from the floor with her teeth, the scene was one of “revelry by night.”

Miss Morrison shone in her brilliant engineering of a “Teakettle” party in which the discussion of Alice Dean’s color was pleasingly interrupted by the rumor that food was forthcoming.

And it was.

They even had coffee! And ice cream and little white cakes with white frosting.

Oh—it was a jubilant occasion, all right, and when the nine-thirty bell rang the girls bade their hostesses goodnight with a feeling of friendliness—and sincere delight at having forgotten for the while those awful exams!

Academy Faculty Party

The Academy girls were invited by the Faculty to come to the lounge at 7:30 on Saturday night, February second. They gathered at the appointed time—excited, expectant. As they entered they were greeted with large placards decorated with inky black letters. Then ensued the spelling of words by human letters.

After a short time, the girls were divided into four groups. Each group, in its corner played a different game. If you have never blown a feather over a sheet, or played “fish, fowl or beast”, you have missed something in this life. Academy girls have learned of such joys.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

About nine o'clock, the girls were served ice cream and cake. And then to bed! It had been a wholly delightful evening to be sure.

Miss Frake

"Dress"—a subject always dear to the feminine mind—was the topic upon which Miss Emily Allen Frake, who visited Frances Shimer February fifth, based her most interesting talk. She discussed dress from three viewpoints: material, line, and color, telling in each case what should be shunned by one who would appear well-dressed. Her clever anecdotes presented vivid pictures in the minds of her audience, and made her points even more effective. Miss Frake was a splendid exposition of the art she taught, and many were the favorable comments heard concerning her talk.

Dr. Goode

On Friday night, February 15, Professor J. Paul Goode of The University of Chicago took the F. S. S. girl's over the "Beaten Paths of Europe," giving them a "wondrous trip." They traveled under eleven flags, seeing the unusual and beautiful places of Europe with their peasants and artists, castles and cottages, mountains and plains, icebergs and rivers. They revelled also in the scenes of Scotland, reminiscent of their beloved Scott and Burns, and the magnificent wonders of Norway and Sweden, as well as in the grandeur and sublimity of Swiss mountains.

Professor Goode's humorous and spontaneous mode of speaking added to the enjoyment of the excellent pictures. Future Shimer girls will be fortunate if they have the opportunity to hear Professor Goode say "And there's the family!"

Artist Recital at Frances Shimer

The Pasmore Trio, consisting Mary Pasmore, violinist, Dorothy Pasmore, 'cellist, and Marie Sloss, pianist, appeared at Metcalf Hall February 8 in a diversified program of beautiful music beautifully played. There is no more decided proof of musical appreciation than a love for chamber music, and the serious and dignified artists of this organization were accorded every evidence that their art was not displayed to unappreciative ears. All three are earnest disciples of one of the highest and purest forms of musical art, and they have worked and played together until they have grown into the mutual sympathy necessary for ensemble playing. Tone, technic and temperament were all there and were used as a means of producing a unity of artistic effect. The charm of their playing was at once made manifest in the Mendelssohn Trio with which the program opened, and which in its four movements afforded great opportunities for beautiful contrasts of color. It was played with such an artistic sense of proportion, rhythmic dash and brilliancy that quite orchestral effects were achieved.

The more modern closing group of Rachmaninoff's Serenade, Grieg's Norwegian Dance, and the Kitchen Dance by Severn, were given with exquisite grace and delicacy of tone, the little nuances and dynamic beauty of their work standing out strongly.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

This group of artists will find a welcome should they choose to return to Mt. Carroll.

Washington's Birthday

The half-holiday given on Washington's birthday was welcomed. Dean McKee gave a very impressive talk in chapel about the "father of our country." After luncheon, everybody was free to contemplate the many glories of the man who cut down the cherry tree and could not tell a lie. Needless to say the afternoon was spent in the various joys that only F. S. S. girls know.

Senior Prom

April showers are not the only things that bring May-flowers; the Seniors are successful rivals of the fourth month of the year. They decorated College Hall with life-like flowers and added a sprinkling of mirrors; the result was a Vanity Prom.

The excellent orchestra gave the cue for Rose Dutton and Violet Duner to start the grand march. Small black silk hats for programs were given to each person, and—on with the dance. Melba Marshall and Betty Atwood gave a clever representation of the Vanity Girls.

Perhaps we would not be so glad if "vanity of vanities, all is vanity" were true, but we know we are glad there are Vanity Proms, and we think that each chairman and her committee should be highly complimented.

Expression Recital

The Expression Recital, given Saturday evening, March 1, was one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the year thus far—and anything in the future will have to be exceptional in order to excel it. The program was well balanced, and each girl showed ability and poise. The audience was quiet and appreciative.

Maxine Leuter read "Nancy's Cinderella"; Alice Keighin, "A Pleasant Half Hour"; Melba Marshall, "The Highwayman"; Maxine Corbin, "A Flash in the Pan"; and Martha Barnhart, "The Morals of Peter". They were all so interesting and well done it would be impossible to give individual praise.

"Dulcy"

How did you like "Dulcy"? Some of the best talent in the freshman class took part in the play "Dulcy" given on March 8. Ellen Burkhardt was a perfect Dulcy. She presented that difficult personage to her audience with a naturalness and ease that approached the professional. And the men! Did you ever see such an array of good looking, heart-breaking, cake-eating, and much-to-be-desired men at one time? It is hard to realize that such wonders existed in our midst. Virginia Varty as the overshadowed but adoring husband of Dulcy deserves praise for even attempting to reform his wife. Mary Brennenman as the young bored-with-society brother of Dulcy added her bit of humor to the play.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

and saved the day for pretty Angela Forbes, Maxine Corbin, by persuading her to marry him instead of the temperamental and insipid scenarist, Vincent Leach (Bess Turner).

One of the best and most amusing parts of the play is the scene in which Mr. Leach reads his latest scenario to the guests. Bess Turner deserves much credit for her splendid work in presenting this part. Mrs. Forbes (Ruth Bowman), successfully proved that "clinging vines" still sway the lives of great men. Mr. Forbes (Waltressa Lunt) saw through her little subterfuges, however, and "put across" several good storm scenes. Schuyler Van Dyke (Lillian Bowman) was a most likeable chap, he was so easy-going and so very willing to help everyone out of financial difficulties. Everyone was surprised when his cousin (Dorothy Jane Parker) imparted the sad news that poor Schuyler was not always responsible for his actions. (Things were going altogether TOO well). Dear old Tom Sterrett (Leona Drescher)! He certainly took his share of society snubbing throughout the entire play, but he had the sympathy of the audience. He had such NICE eyes! Mildred Chapman, as a reformed criminal, filled the position of butler and added a touch of mystery to the play.

Miss Jacobson is to be commended for her ability in choosing and producing such a play as "Dulcy" in such a creditable and successful manner. "Dulcy" will go down in the school history as one of the highlights of the year 1923-1924.

Music Recital

Saturday evening, March 15, the Student Recital was held. The program was exceptionally well executed and greatly enjoyed.

Oh, Sun Flower Bright	(Louise Wright)	Dorothy Irwin
Giants	(Rogers)	Wanda Hower
I'm Wearing Awa'	(Foster)	Ruth Barker
Rose In The Bud	(Foote)	
Waltz in A Minor	(Chopin)	Muriel Prebble
To a Wild Rose	(Mac Dowell)	Linda Stewart
Valse Impromptu	(Von Wilm)	Katherine Manns
Her Rose	(Coombs)	Virginia McConnell
A May Morning	(Denza)	
Danse Andalouse	(Mac Dowell)	Alta Sherrard
Hungarian Dance	(Brahms)	Beth Hower
The Princess	(Grieg)	Maurine Bogert
The First Primrose	(Grieg)	
Fire Flies	(Philipp)	Louise Dennis
Vale	(Russell)	Grace Coleman
Romance	(Sibelius)	
Valse (from "The Sleeping Beauty")	Ballot-Tschaikowsky	
		Margaret Anderson

Second Piano...Miss Schuster

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Honor Roll for the First Semester, 1923-24

First Honor Roll

Eleanor Senn	91.5
Ellen Burkhart	91.375
Ruth Touzalin	91.375
Ruth Barker	88.333
Harriet Deutsch	88.
Honora Simons	86.5

Second Honor Roll

Katherine Macy	90.
Alice Smith	89.25
Alice Keighin	88.75
Esther Cavan	86.875
Elaine Fisher	86.75
Madaline Hinshaw	86.75
Golda Gore	86.5
Janet Miller	86.
Muriel Preble	86.
Elinore Smith	86.
Margaret Delaplane	85.625
Jane Weaver	85.5
Leah Perry	85.5

College Sophomore Notes

Perhaps you have been wondering why the "College Sophs" have been so busy the last week or two. We have been planning our prom which is to be twelve days after we return from vacation. After much discussion we have at last decided on a plan, and are well started on the making of decorations. The various committees are hard at work, and each member of the class is doing "her bit." Mary Branson is chairman of the music committee, Evelyn Caille of the decorating committee, Ellouise Ballstadt of the program committee, and Jeanette Meredith of the refreshment committee. The Sophomores wish to thank Miss Parker for all that she is doing to help them.

College Freshman Notes

You haven't heard much about the Freshman class this semester—but wait! The back dues are paid now, and you may expect to hear from us soon. Spring is coming and with it picnics and heaps of good things. We are a big class and we are capable of big things.

Academy Junior Notes

The last meeting of the semester for the S. O. S. Club of the Academy Third-year English Class was a dinner served in College Hall. The program committee had the arrangements in charge, and after a delicious meal a program of after dinner speeches was given, with Virginia Smith as toast mistress. Responses to toasts were given by Martha Barnhart, Eleanor Senn, Imogene Hamilton, Esther Cavan, Sophy Perry, and Ruth Touzalin, and by the guests of the Club, Miss Morrison and Miss E. May Parker. The purpose of the meeting had been to gain practice in responding to toasts, and the Club found that there was much cleverness and talent among its members. Virginia Smith presided with grace and dignity, and the meeting was a decided success. The Club voted to continue its meetings during the second semester.

Academy Sophomore Notes

Another month has passed and we Academy Sophomores have been as busy as ever.

On February eighteenth on the bulletin board, a notice appeared requesting all Sophomores to be present at a meeting. The result of it was dues,—one dollar a month! Now we are warning you to prepare for something big, because when we Sophs begin to collect money it is time for you to get your "tuxs" out of the moth balls.

With the beginning of this new semester we have lost two of our classmates, Frances Pratt and Dorothy Welton; but we have gained two new members, Jane Darby and Madeline Beem, so we are still strong in numbers.

Vespers

The Sunday evening vesper services since Christmas vacation have been varied and impressive. A brief review of them will serve to bring back for a moment a memory of these delightful hours which are a customary part of the F. S. S. Sunday program.

- January 6: Miss Georgia Chamberlain spoke in an interesting way on the familiar stories of the Bible.
- " 13: Miss Mitchell gave a short talk on chamber music, illustrating her points with real music.
- " 20: The Y. W. C. A. had a report given by the delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention, Virginia McConnell and Miss Bean.
- " 27: Miss Swetil led, and Maxine Corbin read "The Tilling of Felix", by Henry Van Dyke.
- February 3: A most delightful evening. Dean McKee read from Riley.
- " 10: Miss Peters read about Friendships in Colleges.
- " 17: Miss Wallace sang several enchanting little songs.
- " 24: Mrs. Pinkham, Principal of the Baptist Missionary Training School, Chicago, spoke inspiringly on foreign missionary work.
- March 2: Dean McKee gave a strong talk on religion.
- " 9: Miss Normington read "The Mansion" by Henry Van Dyke.
- " 16: The girls assembled but due to some mistake, no leader appeared—this vesper's night was conspicuous by its absence. The question arises—did F. S. S. girls miss vespers? Answer it for yourself.

The Scattered Family

Carol Robinson, pianist, daughter of Clara White Robinson '76, appeared as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on March 1.

Edna Kosher, College '23, has entered the Nurses' Training School of St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago.

Sue Weddell '03 is engaged in Y. W. C. A. work in Chicago, serving as Director of Girls' Work for the city association.

Glee Hastings, '11-'12, has returned to her work as Director of Orphanages of the Near East Relief in Greece, after a vacation of several months spent in Palestine, Egypt, and various parts of Asia Minor. As an expression of gratitude and in recognition of her service she was given the Cross of St. Xavier by the Greek government. A year ago the Sultan of Turkey made a similar recognition of her services in Constantinople.

Katherine McFarland Wood, '18-'19, died in the American Hospital at Neuilly, France, in January. Early last fall she had gone with her husband to Paris, he to complete his work in Architecture and she to study Literature. During their brief residence in the Latin Quarter they had become favorites among the students there. Mrs. Wood was a young writer of promise.

Jessie Wright Throckmorton '15 resides on a farm in Glenwood, Iowa. She has three young daughters, all of whom she writes will be future Frances Shimer girls.

Elizabeth Darnell Clausen '15 resides in Syracuse, New York, where her husband, Rev. B. S. Clausen, is pastor of the First Baptist Church.

Julia Sword '12 sends greetings from Cincinnati. She is director of social service work in the Rauh-Mack factories there.

Gertrude Board '87 is instructor in English in the Penn High School for Girls in Philadelphia. Last summer she and Nellie Foster '97 visited Mrs. Hazzen in Lynn, meeting there for the first time in twenty years. During the visit they selected from the library of Mr. Hazzen over eleven hundred books, chiefly literature and history, which Mrs. Hazzen will later give to the School library when adequate provision can be made for them.

Margaret Avery, '18-'19, is teaching in the public schools in Anthon, Iowa.

Gertrude Munger '14 appeared in voice recital for the Clef Club on December 28 at her home in Spencer, Iowa.

Edith Wherritt Fulscher '89 is living in Brentwood, England.

Rose Demmon '90 spent the winter in Washington, D. C.

Ruth Williamson '21 was graduated from the University of Indiana and has spent the winter with her parents in California.

Charlotte Hageman '22 is a Sophomore at Vassar.

Geneva Van Avery '20 is engaged in social service work in Minne-

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

apolis, while she is doing graduate work in the department of Sociology in the University of Minnesota, from which she was graduated in 1922.

Helen Geisman '12 is teaching music in the public schools of Shannon, Illinois.

Marie Melgaard '15 is dietitian in the Muhlenberg Hospital at Plainfield, New Jersey.

Frances Zangle '22 sends "Holly Greetings from Hollywood." She is attending the University of California this year.

Marcella Meeske, '20-'21, is an accountant with the Simons Bed Company of Chicago. She writes of attending a Frances Shimer reunion luncheon in January.

Miriam Benario, '17-'19, is Reader and Teacher of Dramatic Art in the Glenn Dillard Gunn School of Music and Dramatic Art, Chicago.

Hila Jalbert '20 is a Junior this year in the University of California.

Iva Hume '22 is in the second year of the course at the Training School for Nurses at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. She writes that her first head nurse there was Alice Scypes '16.

Dr. Alice F. Braunlich, Faculty 1916-18, now of Goucher College, is the author of a new study entitled "Against Curtailing Catullus' 'Passer'" which appeared in a recent issue of the American Journal of Philology.

Virginia Harrington '23 is taking a business course in Grove City College, Pennsylvania.

Betty Foster '21 was the guest of Jane Miles Huckins '21 at her home in Wichita Falls, Texas, in January. During the visit many entertainments were given in her honor by Mrs. Huckins and her friends.

Mary Warfield '22 is a Sophomore at Mills College, California.

At the marriage of Caroline Johnson, '21-'22, Dorothy Johnson, '22-'24, was maid of honor and Dorothy Sorenson, '21-'22, was a bridesmaid.

Mme. Hess-Burr, formerly visiting Director of Music at Frances Shimer, directed a performance of scenes from opera recently. In the caste was Marjorie Wingert Earle, playing the part of Manrico, and Lucille Miller, '15-'16, that of Leonora in *Il Trovatore*.

Carrie Bailey, College '20-'21, is studying music in Peoria.

Grace Roe '23, Mabelle Mest '23, came back to attend the Washington Prom. The former is studying music at the Northwestern School of Music in Evanston, and the latter is teaching the primary grade in the public schools of Savanna.

Carlotta Squier, College '19-'20, is teaching English and Sewing in the High School at Olivet, Michigan.

Maxine Smith '23, who is a Freshman at Rockford College, attended the Washington Prom as the guest of Janet Miller '24.

Alice King '22 is teaching sixth grade in the public schools of Chicago Heights.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Kathrena Williams '20, President of the Junior Class at Emerson College of Oratory, acted as chairman of the committee on arrangements for Junior Week held in February.

Florence Ream '22 is doing clerical work for the Elgin (Illinois) Daily Courier and attending Ellis Business College.

Edna Osborn '19 is head of the Department of Home Economics in Arkansas College, Batesville, Arkansas.

Grace Riddle '20 since her graduation from the University of Illinois in 1923 has been doing secretarial work in a law office.

Frankie Warner '81 is teaching in the public school of Rockford, Ill.

Avis Hall Wade '05 resides in El Paso, Texas, where her husband is an attorney. She has two children, a son 14 and a daughter 11.

Alberta Morrison, '17-'18, is attending the University of Illinois where she is majoring in Domestic Science.

Mary-Emily Merritt Stratton, College '12, as chairman of the State Committee on Americanization Work carried on by the Federation of Women's Clubs in Minnesota, spoke at the annual state meeting held recently in St. Paul.

Martha Powell '09 has opened a tea room, "The Gray Cottage," in Portland, Oregon.

With the death of Mrs. H. P. Miles at her home in Mt. Carroll in January Frances Shimer School lost a friend of long standing. Since the early days when she was a student here Mrs. Miles had been actively interested in the welfare of the School and a generous supporter to all causes aiming at its progress and betterment. Her three daughters, Mrs. Susan Miles Campbell, ex-'82, Mrs. Jessie Strickler '82, and Mary Miles '98, attended the School. Besides her two daughters, six grandchildren are graduates. Her son, Mr. J. H. Miles, is a member of the Board of Trustees.

Izelle Emery Scott '05 teaches English in the Edison Junior High School at Long Beach, California, where her classes are popular. Last summer Mrs. Scott won distinction at the University of California as a short story-writer. A little poem, in which Mrs. Scott sets forth her philosophy as a teacher appears elsewhere in the Record.

Margaret Creager, '11-'14, died suddenly last August. Long handicapped by ill health she had nevertheless served successfully in Y. W. C. A. work, particularly as Director of Recreational work in California and elsewhere. The three sisters, Margaret, Dorothy Creager Banta '11 of Flint, Michigan, and Catherine Creager '15 of New York City, are happily remembered by many Frances Shimer friends.

Ruby Hughes Tathill, '03-'06, of Frederickton, New Brunswick, together with her husband and three children, sailed for England on Feb. 13.

Melissa Kingsley '20 teaches in the public schools of Rock Island, Ill.

Libbie Phillipson '19 is manager of a branch sales office of her

father's wholesale general merchandise business in Chicago.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter J. Wiese (Ruth Hastings '14) have recently settled in Springfield, Mass., where Dr. Wiese has opened offices for the practice of his profession.

Louise Slee, formerly instructor in Arts, is in Taormina, Sicily, a small town built on the side of a great cliff rising out of the sea. From the old Greek theatre in the village one may get a wonderful view of Mt. Etna, in its ever-changing colors as the sunlight plays on it.

Grace Wong '22 passed the examinations last September for Junior standing in the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston. She plans now to return to her home in Shanghai, China, on the completion of her course in June, 1925.

Louise Miles Greison '13 writes, "The prosperity of the School pleases me very much. I have two young hopefuls in training for future pupils."

Marriages

Geneva Marie Bagg, '23-'24, to Mr. Marc Pierson Wiweke, on Monday, December 24, 1923, at Des Moines, Iowa. At home, Oak Park, Illinois.

Ida Gerlaugh Terry to Mr. Robert Jerome Banta on Thursday, December 27, 1923, Sidell, Illinois. At home, Ridge Farm, Illinois.

Hazel Beryl Rollins '11 to Mr. Glen F. Allen on Friday, December 21, 1923, at Jerome, Arizona. At home, Jerome, Arizona.

Caroline Johnson, '21-'22, to Mr. Arnold Watson on February 14, 1924, at Oak Park. At home, 743 North Mayfield Avenue, Oak Park.

Gertrude Thurston '18 to Mr. Robert Graver Watling on January 2, 1924, at Los Angeles, California.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Oliver Johnson (Eloise Jeffery '18) a son, Charles Jeffery, January 3, 1924, Chesterton, Indiana.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Howard Stone (Julia Cargill '16) a son, Richard Cargill, January 30, 1924, Mason City, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald A. Cumber (Ruth Shannon '16) a son, Donald A., Junior, at Chicago.

To Rev. and Mrs. Bernard C. Clausen (Elizabeth Darnell '15) a son, Barton Randolph, on February 11, 1924, at Syracuse, New York.

Exchanges

Mary Baldwin Miscellany—

We liked the articles in your December issue, and particularly appreciated "crushes". Is your poetry always as good as it was in that number?

The Sun Dial—

You have an interesting group of writings, well-organized in an attractive magazine. We enjoyed your book-reviews.

The Sinsinawa—

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

We particularly liked some of your serious articles, and laughed till severe criticism silenced us over your "wanton wiles". Our only suggestion is that more stories be forthcoming.

The Triangle—

Your stories are very interesting—but don't you think that a few more serious articles would give better balance to the magazine as a whole?

New Trier News, New Trier High School, Kenilworth, Ill.

Gustavian Weekly, Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn.

Emerson College News, Boston.

Emerson Quarterly, Boston.

Thyme and Lavender, Drew Seminary, Carmel, N. Y.

Red and White, Todd Seminary, Woodstock, Ill.

Blue and White, Dubuque, Iowa, University.

Trail Blazer, Vincennes, Indiana, University.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany, Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va.

The Denisonian, Denison, University, Granville, Ohio.

University Record, University of Chicago.

Jabberwock, Girls' Latin School, Boston.

Ferry Tales, Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill.

Purple Parrot, Rockford, Illinois, College.

The Novelty Shop

Helene—"German marks are very low now.

Zickie—"S'nothing, so are mine."

"Girls do you think your voices will fill up the auditorium?"

"We only hope they won't empty it!"

Eddie E. (to Edith Stone combing her wig) "I don't see how you ever get to breakfast with that gob of hair."

Edith—"Well I don't get there without it."

What is the matter with the light this morning?

Nothing much except it was out all night.

Customer—"Ouch! this towel is scalding hot.

Barber—"Sorry sir, I couldn't hold it any longer.

Madge—"Marty! one o'clock, one o'clock!"

Marty—"How did you do it?"

Dear God," prayed golden-haired little Willie, "Please watch over my mama." And then he added as an after thought: "And I dunno as it is a bad idea to keep an eye on the old man, too."

Optician—"Now tell me what the letters are on the first line.

Candidate—"Where's the chart?"

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

To the Thin: Don't eat fast.
To the Fat: Don't eat.—Fast.

Two happy souls were wending their way homeward in their kingly flivver after a well spent evening.

"Bill," said Henry, "I wancha to be very careful. First thing you know you'll have us in the ditch."

"Me?" says Bill in astonishment, "Why I tho't you was drivin'."

Teacher—"What does two plus one equal?"

Willie—"A crowd."

Meters

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best way to meet her
Is to meet her alone.

Letters

There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone,
But the best way to letter
Is to letter alone.

"Rastus, didn't you say you had a brother in the mining business?"

"Yas suh, Boss, out West."

"Gold mining, silver mining, copper mining, or what kind?"

"No suh, Boss, none of dose, it's kalsomine."

Here lies little Willie Betts;
His age was ten.
"Cigarettes".

My doggie is such a cute dog,
I only hope that when he's dead
They won't make him into a hot-dog,
To be put between bread.

Barker—"Evie certainly has a sense of humor,"

Marty—"Why?"

Barker—"She even laughed at these jokes."

In English Class:

"Poor Richard's Almanac" is made up of maximums and antidotes.

In music History Examination:

"Grieg wrote the Peter Gink Suite."

PRIDE---

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Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGOdollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, withinmonths after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

* * * *

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

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